

# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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### The Principles of Nature.

#### VIEW OF THE BIBLE.\*

##### NUMBER TWO.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY W. M. FERNALD.

But this is not all. Something much higher than the ordinary nature appears from these ancient writings. When we speak of inspiration we mean something more than the lowest rationalistic ideas would indicate. Inspiration, like all other things, is distinguished by degrees. In one sense, all human minds may be said to be inspired. The Divine Spirit of the Universe flows through all Nature, impregnating all organizations, and even the grass of the field, and the very particles of matter, may thus be said to be instinct with God. Man, whether he is, or however situated, is placed in conjunction with the Divine Spirit, and he does not receive a truth, or the least influence of goodness, but flows, directly or indirectly, from the Divine Mind. By the Divine Mind we mean the great interior, actuating Power of Nature. We mean simply Love and Wisdom, or Goodness and Truth, in their innermost and central operations in the constitution of the Universe. Man, then, is always and universally inspired, for goodness and truth, invariably exist in some degree within him. The higher the nature—the more expanded the intellect and the moral faculties, the higher the inspiration. The untutored savage is inspired to see God in clouds and hear him in the winds, and in his simple intuitions and ideas of the "Great Spirit," frequently has clearer perceptions of the Divine Being than many who claim enlightenment by the Christian revelation. When, too, he is prompted to truth, and sentiments of justice and honor, it is the inspiration of Deity. The man of genius is inspired of the Eternal Beauty, Harmony and Truth; and so much of God is revealed to us in the creations of his intellect, whether as glowing on the printed page, or standing out in bold relief in the marble or on canvass. The Philanthropist is inspired with the divine Love, the Philosopher with the divine Wisdom, the perfect Man with both. He is a full receptacle of the Divine Spirit. Such inspiration may vary in degrees, but it is common to all men.

This, then, is the first general degree of inspiration. In this sense it is the property of mankind. It is as universal as Nature, and as common as God.

The next general degree may be said to be indicated by direct influx from the spiritual world. In this sense it is also distinguished by different degrees and manifestations. First, by habitual conjunction with that world when we know it not; second, by dream and vision in the hours of sleep; third, by conscious communication in a wakeful state.

First, then, I say, by conjunction with the spiritual world when we know it not. But here, I apprehend, much reformation is necessary in our ideas of the spiritual world. Men gen-

erally have no other idea of heaven than that it is somewhat of a habitation ten thousand million miles beyond the stars, with almost a material enclosure, cut off and separated from all that is natural, or from every part of the material Universe. It is no wonder that these ideas should prevail, our theology, thus far, partaking of the gross and crude conceptions of an unformed and embryotic spiritual germ of thought. What we want is a true spiritual philosophy—a philosophy which shall put theology and Nature at one—which shall perceive, in the most spiritual things, but the ultimates and perfections of those things in Nature from which they have been developed. To speak of heaven, or the spiritual world, as being *developed* from this material sphere, would doubtless be disturbing to the senses, and yet I apprehend it will only be when we come to view spiritual nature as having its close affinity and connection with material things, that we shall ever realize much of "the powers of the world to come," or know satisfactorily of the existence of heavenly realities.

Swedenborg was a great Spiritual Reformer in this respect. He taught that the spiritual world is in close proximity to this—that, in fact, a man as to his interiors, is *now* in the spiritual world, and in company with spiritual beings—that it is only this clothing of flesh which retains him to this gross sphere, and were it not for this, he could even see the beings of a higher sphere above and about him. We believe that he did see them—that by great expansion and refinement of mind, he was made daily conversant with spirits out of the body, and by much illumination, revealed to the world volumes of instruction relating to the higher life.

Let it be observed, then, on the strength of such testimony, and much kindred experience, that the spiritual world is enclosing us on all sides,—that its invisible substance is but a development from the material spheres with which it is in connection, and all its finer glories and realities, but the ultimates and perfections of these rudimental spheres.

And now the preparation is made for still further remarks on the nature of that inspiration which is the subject of these remarks.

We have designated the first degree of this character of inspiration to be that derived from habitual conjunction with the unseen world when we know it not. If such is the proximity of the two worlds, it is no more than natural that there should be a constant influx from the higher into the lower. This influence may not only be general, but particular. Indeed, the general always involves the particular, but we refer to those marked cases of particular enlightenment, in the nature of premonitions, warnings, impressions, &c., which take place with certain individuals under peculiar and urgent circumstances. These involve a more general inspiration for mankind at large, in their moral and social relations.

For instance, there can be no doubt that the life of Heinrich Stilling was constantly under the direction of superior powers, as all those who have read his biography must be partially or fully convicted. We have not time here to particularize, and could not in fact do it without impairing the strength of the account. Some of you may have read it. On one occasion Stilling seems

\*Continued from p. 197.

to have been made the instrument of warning to another. He had occasion to write to his friend Hess, on business, and while writing, felt deeply impressed, even as though a voice had sounded in his ear, that his friend Lavater would die a violent death, the death of a martyr. In his letter to Hess, he mentioned this; and ten weeks after, it proved that Lavater received a mortal wound from a Swiss grenadier, from motives, as it was supposed, of political jealousy.

Stillinger relates a circumstance concerning professor Bohm, teacher of mathematics at Marburg. Being one evening in a social company, he was seized with a sudden conviction that he ought to go home. He knew no reason for yielding to the impulse, and concluded to remain where he was. A second conviction came upon him. At this time he proceeded to his house; but finding every thing in order, he concluded to return to the company. Then he was impressed that he must remove his bed from the corner where it stood; but as it had always stood there, he resisted the impression, but in vain, it bore so hard upon him that he finally removed it from the usual locality to the other side of the room. He then returned to the company. At ten o'clock, the company dispersed, and he went home, and retired. In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened by a loud crash, and on looking about, a beam had suddenly fallen, bringing with it a part of the ceiling, and had struck exactly the place which his bed had formerly stood.

Similar to this is the account of a woodsman in our Western Forests, who in the pursuance of his usual work of clearing the ground, suddenly received the impression, in brief words, "Stand back;" which he obeyed by retreating several steps from where he stood, when to his surprise, a tree instantly fell across the very spot where he was first standing.

A story is told of Dr. George De Benneville, a physician and Anabaptist preacher who resided at Germantown, Pa. He was frequently the subject of interior impressions. He was a benevolent man, and bestowed much of his profession in gratuity among the destitute sick. One day he felt impressed to ride to Philadelphia, about nine miles distant, stating his consciousness that a vessel had just arrived there, with a sick sailor on board, who needed his assistance. He accordingly proceeded to the city, and found the sailor precisely as he was impressed.

During the American revolution, while the British occupied Philadelphia, he resided at Reading, in that state. One day he ordered his horse, stating that the British had just evacuated Philadelphia, and circumstances demanded his immediate presence. His family supposed him somewhat deranged, but he could not be persuaded from the truth of his conviction; he rode to the city, and found that the British had departed on that day.

These instances, I trust, are enough, though hundreds might be given, of persons who have been subject to interior impressions, and have been warned of dangers, and provided for by strangers, and directed for the good of others, only in this way. They substantiate something more for this world than mere second sight, or clairvoyance; and chance fortune is altogether out of the question. What contrary to philosophy is it, to conceive of a superintending providence by the ministry of spirits of the higher life, in the surrounding sphere of spiritual existence? This is the solution which we give it. The reason that all are not impressed in this way is because their spiritual constitution will not admit of it, because of the grossness of their natures, because their circumstances do not require it, and because of many things operating against it, and rendering them both unsusceptible and unbelieving. But the Power is still in Nature, and we can not doubt, therefore, that in the refinement and perfection of the race, all may be made capable of a like, and much greater, spiritual experience. Truly does Kerner, a German writer observe, that "the more, in the tumult of the world, and the bustle of existence, the inner life makes itself felt—the more the gentle voices within us drown the loud music of the world—the greater is our debt to the spirit that guides

us." Truly also does he say—"If we go back into the primitive ages, when men dwelt under the dominion of Nature, before the inner life was stifled by what is called *cultivation*—in the history of the Old Testament, for example, or even now in the East, which was the cradle of mankind—we shall find remnants of this inner life exhibited by entire races of people—such as, when they are observed in individuals here, we are accustomed to look upon as symptoms of disease."

Now, if such are a few of the particular and prominent indications of a superintending providence from the spirit-world, or of an inter-diffusion of spirits into this material sphere, we may not be at loss to account for much of direct inspiration in a general way, and in regard to moral and social affairs, from that same world, in the minds of very many when they know it not. Swedenborg says—"Every man, even whilst he liveth in the body, is, as to his spirit, in society with spirits, although he is ignorant of it." And from the close proximity of the spirit-world to this, how much may we be indebted for our poorest thoughts, our highest aspirations, our most beautiful and humane conceptions, to direct influx from that higher sphere. So do we become inspired with truth, goodness, justice, not only from our own souls in independent thought, but from superintending and directing spirits who, much more frequently than man, are employed to carry on the vast designs of providence, and to minister to our peculiar wants. So have all the great and noble souls who have ever lived—Socrates, Plato, Zoroaster, Jesus, Paul, John, George Fox, Swedenborg, and a countless host of moral and intellectual men—men of refined and expanded powers, been enveloped in the spirit of the all-surrounding heavens, and drank inspiration from the upper world. And we, in our lesser sphere, in so far as we purify the mind from artificial modes of thought, and become single in heart, and good in purpose, may and do doubtless enjoy the same communion with beings above us, with our guardian ones, with the general atmosphere of that spiritual home which is not far from us, and which we are destined eventually to inhabit.

This, then, is the first degree of inspiration from the heavenly world. Of course, the Bible writers must be allowed to have enjoyed the same enlightenment—the same conjunction with the superior sphere, and so, frequently, *when they knew it not*, were made the medium of divine communication to the world of suffering and of ignorant men. Indeed, it has been a common acknowledgment on the part of Biblical commentators and interpreters even of the most dominant sects, that the old prophets did not always know the full meaning of what they uttered; and of course we may, in accordance with the psychological laws, suppose them to have been many times under the effect of an inspiration from the spiritual world, even when they were not conscious of any but their own thoughts. So are we all, at times, under the same unconscious, but real and superior influence. So are the vast designs of Providence accomplished. The fact of human freedom, in any proper and philosophical sense, is not by this supposition in any way infringed. Certainly not any more than when we are subject to the influence of our friends and associates in this world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—THEY are right to-day because they have been right for fifty years, whilst the reckless interloper, who seeks to dissuade them from an old tenet, deserves to be openly condemned for daring to disturb a long cherished principle of their faith. And thus a poor free-thinker, who in the depths of his flattering heart had begun to hope for fame, even for gratitude among his contemporaries, is denounced as an infidel, an unbeliever, a truant from the soundest principles; a renegade, who would corrupt others from their faith if they listened to him; and the smiles of friends and acquaintances, instead of descending upon him, like sunbeams in July, are turned into blank rigid looks, that make his most vital blood recede into the heart. [Srs.

## CRITICISM

On the accounts of Matthew and Luke, concerning the birth and early history of Jesus Christ:

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELMUM.

BY E. E. GUILD.

## NO. ONE.—INTRODUCTION.

Most persons who have read the New Testament with care and attention, have had their minds perplexed with the contradictions, discrepancies, and inconsistencies therein contained respecting the parentage, birth and early history of Jesus Christ. They have anxiously sought for a satisfactory solution of these difficulties, but failing therein some have jumped to the conclusion that the whole New Testament is but a fable—a gross and palpable imposition on mankind. The minds of others are in a state of painful doubt, vacillating between faith and unbelief. And another and far more numerous class, dare not allow themselves to think on the subject. Those authors who have treated the subject with fairness and candor, free from bias and prejudice, are read only by the learned, and considerable pains are taken to prevent their works from circulating among the people. These works are, besides, voluminous and costly, for which reason many are deterred from purchasing them. Most of those persons who have informed themselves in relation to the matter, have not judged it expedient to proclaim to the public what they know about it, either because they have not the moral courage to do it, or because they suppose the public would not be benefitted by it. But the time has arrived when the spirit of inquiry is abroad among the people. And it must be met; not with threats and denunciations; not with prevarications and evasions; not with falsehoods and misrepresentations; but with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is not because truth has not been known in the world that it has not triumphed, but because it has been suppressed. It is useless to attempt to suppress it any longer. It is mighty and will ultimately prevail. Those who are interested in the perpetuation of error will fight against it, but their efforts will be in vain. The wave of truth will roll over the world, and unless its adversaries change their position, they must, with the error which they stand forth as champions to defend, be buried beneath it, while the advocates of truth will ride in triumph on the swelling tide.

On the subject indicated in the heading of this article, we propose to publish in the *Univercelum*, a series of articles. The facts which they will contain have been collected with much pains, labor, care, and expenditure of time, from various sources. We do not expect to offer any thing on the subject which to the learned will be very strikingly new or interesting. In justice to himself, however, the writer must say that many of the remarks and observations which will be presented, are such as in the course of his reading he has never before seen. And he has good reason to know that the facts which will be stated are such as the great mass of the people are ignorant of. The conclusions to which we shall arrive are to the writer perfectly satisfactory. Whether they will appear so to his readers or not, remains to be seen. As it is folly and shame unto any man to answer a matter before he heareth it, it is but reasonable that we ask our readers to suspend judgment until they have read all that we have to say on the subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**WORKING-MEN.**—This phrase conveys a wrong idea. We all work, or should work, with the strong hand or the busy brain. Why, in the name of reason, do you call him a working-man who binds books, and him—what? not a working-man, who writes them? This shows how little some people know about labor. We all labor, whether we drive the plough, wield a pen, wing a hammer, or draw a thread. Q.

## COMPENSATION.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

POLARITY, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light, in heat and cold, in the ebb and flow of waters, in male and female, in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals, in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the undulations of fluids and of sound, in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity, in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole—as spirit, matter—man, woman—subjective, objective—in, out—upper, under—motion, rest—yes, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The re-action so grand in the elements, is repeated within these boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom, the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part, is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power, is lost in time, and the reverse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets are another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates; the barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure, has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its violation with its life. For every grain of wit, there is a grain of folly. For every thing you have missed, you have gained something else; and for every thing you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that ultimately puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others.

Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself in a two-fold manner; first in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or apparent nature. Men call the circumstance, the retribution. The casual retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct, until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, can not be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge; which one and another brags that he does not know; brags that they do not touch him; but the brag is on



his lips, the conditions are in the soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another and more vital part. If he has escaped them in form, and in the appearance, it is that he has resisted his life, and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the bad, that the experiment would not be tried—since to try is to be mad—but for the circumstance, that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's tail; and thinks he can cut off that which he would not have.

All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, measure for measure, love for love. Give, and it shall be given unto you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. Who doth not work shall not eat. Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. Bad counsel confounds the adviser.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will, by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companion by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a threadball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag: or rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat; and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion, does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and nine-pins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their hearts, you shall lose your own.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or a current of air meets another, with perfect diffusion and interpretation of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt to halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, the great and universal, and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid. Fear for ages has boded, and mewed, and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

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The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, can not extort the benefit, can not extort the knowledge of material and moral nature, which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power. Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the

construction of a city, or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Every where and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that every thing has its price—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get any thing without its price—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budget of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I can not doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant—the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state—do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit; but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You can not recall the spoken word, you can not wipe out the foot-track, you can not draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew; always some condemning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long, under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be, and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guarantee of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest, is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

### THE TRUE WORSHIP.

They that worship the Father must and will worship in spirit and in truth; that is, spiritually, truly, really not in forms, not in words, but in fact. And what now is the real service of God? It is living service. It is such service as the spirit, the life that is in man, prompts him to render. Thus does all nature serve him; not with stated and formal ceremonies, not with loud but hollow acclamations of praise, but by its ceaseless, harmonious, beneficent operations. Thus earth, and air, and wind, and fire, and water serve him by fulfilling his laws by their agencies exerted in accordance with his will. He does not require that the stars should pause in their orbits and raise a shout of homage. They truly serve him by moving on steadily and silently in their courses. Thus the earth worships God by being arrayed in her robes of beauty, and laden with her fruits, and wreathed with her flowers. Thus the bird building its nest and nurturing its young, worships God by the exercise of all the powers of action and enjoyment with which it is endowed. In like manner, man serves God by living as man is made to live, by the exercise of his reason, by obedience to the sense of right, by cultivating his powers and applying them to the daily, hourly business of life. Whatever is innocent, be it ever so joyous, is a part of the

Divine Service—the service that is rendered in spirit and in truth. The child, when it leaps and laughs in the exuberance of its harmless mirth, is worshipping God in spirit and truth, in comparison with which the gorgeous ceremonies of old cathedrals may be falsehood and death. The child is true to the spirit of its nature, to the truth of nature. Not formal, not restricted in time and place is such worship of childhood. It exults in the enjoyment of the Infinite Love, and so it serves God spiritually and truly. I tell you, friends, we are worshipping and serving God in spirit and in truth, often times, I had almost said always, when we least think of serving him. Often times we are nearest to God when we think ourselves farthest from the Church; when, without thinking of God, we are breathing his spirit, the spirit of holiness and love, just as we breathe the air of heaven, unconscious of what we are doing.

I wonder whether we shall ever attain to the simplicity of the Religion of Jesus. Although he did not condemn the formal service of the Synagogue, yet he nowhere utters a single word enjoining the observance of the Sabbath or attendance on public worship. How indignant was he when the bigoted ruler of the Synagogue condemned his performance of a work of mercy on the Sabbath day! And how explicitly has he declared that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. He did not forbid public worship. He attended it. And it was obvious that it may be used as a means of preparing and strengthening man for that daily unconscious activity which is the true spiritual worship of the Father. As such, but only as such, as a means of qualifying men to serve God spiritually, this form of service has its worth.

But, obvious as all this is, we are still very far from having this simple way of thinking wrought into the habit of our minds. Even the most enlightened must have their religion, their service of God, apart, a thing by itself. It must make a show. It is heart-sickening to see at times how much is said and how little is done, and one is tempted to say, "In God's name, just do your duty quietly and say no more. Let these high-sounding professions—this religious phraseology—let it go, once for all, and forever, and just 'be virtuous, and so have an end.' Talk no more of liberty, and justice, and charity, but be free and help others to be free; be just, and see to it that all have justice; be charitable, and let not the cry of the needy and the wronged any longer ascend to heaven." But, as if we were resolved to make our inconsistency as glaring as possible, and show how dead our so-called divine services are, we will have our holy days and places, and cry Lord, Lord, all the more vociferously for the neglect of every plain office of duty and humanity. This is all wrong. We have got to learn that God is served spiritually and truly, by putting forth all our energies in action in daily conduct, putting them forth every hour, without noise, but with simplicity, just as our limbs move and our lungs heave, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. An individual whose whole time and attention were devoted to the care of his bodily health, once boasted to a countryman that his system was in high order. The countryman remarked that for his part he had no system. He was in perfect health and of course was unconscious of it. The same is true in matters of religion. Some men make a great talk about religion and the services of God, while he oftentimes is the truly religious man, the true worshipper of the Father, who hardly knows that he has any religion, or who, at least, as a wise man once said, has no religion—to speak of.

The simplicity of the religious life, the true, spiritual service, could we only fully apprehend that, it were worth coming to church for, every day in the week. The worship of the Father, as Christ has described it verbally and practically—it is as simple as the blowing of the wind, the opening of the light, the singing of the birds, the falling of the rain. That we may learn this truth and row in it, and have it grow in us, we may well

pray with our whole hearts. If we fully apprehended it, and deeply felt the paternal goodness of Him whom we would serve, if our hearts were touched to the center by the thought of the infinite love which watches over every atom of the creation, we could hardly help serving God as he is served when he is served spiritually and truly. We should feel instinctively that there is nothing else to be done but to fly as on the wings of the wind to do whatever we knew in our hearts to be the divine will. We could not possibly content ourselves with a cold, barren, formal expression of our gratitude and our obedience. Perceiving the all-surrounding love of the Mighty Maker of all things, we should catch the inspiration of this love, and work day and night to carry out its gracious purposes. With the conviction of ever-present, ever-active goodness impressed upon our minds, we could not persist in serving our own will, we could have no will but God's. [W. H. FURNISS.]

## EQUALITY OF PROFESSIONS.

Why is it, we ask, that we call manual labor low? that we associate with it the idea of meanness, and think that intelligent people should not be engaged in it? Once let cultivated men plough and dig, and follow the most common labors, and ploughing and digging, and trades will cease to be mean. It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

Physicians and surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall to the lot of most mechanics. We have seen a distinguished chemist covered with dust like a laborer. Still these men were not degraded—their intelligence gave dignity to the operation. Let us add, that we see little difference in point of dignity between the various occupations. When we see a clerk spending his days in adding figures, perhaps merely copying, or a teller of a bank counting money, or a merchant selling shoes and hides, we cannot see in these occupations greater respectableness than in making leather, shoes or furniture. We do not see in them greater intellectual activity than in several trades. A man in the field seems to have more chances of improvement in his work, than a man behind the counter, or a man driving the quill. It is the sign of a narrow mind to imagine, as many seem to do, that there is repugnance between the plain, coarse exterior of a laborer, and mental culture—especially the most refined culture. The laborer under his dust and sweat, carries the elements of humanity, and he may put forth his highest powers. We do not doubt there is genuine enthusiasm in the perusal of the works of genius, under a home-spun garment as under finery. Profound thought, and poetical inspiration have most generally visited men, when from narrow circumstances or neglectful habits, the rent coat and shaggy face have made them quite unfit for polished saloons. A man may see truth, and be thrilled with beauty, in one costume or dwelling, as well as another—and he respects himself the more for the hardships under which his intellectual force has been developed.

[EXCHANGE.]

## INDUSTRY.

MAN must have an occasion to be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth, is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry, than we could be with the most spontaneous and unbounded profusion. The body and mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them; that toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar; no wealth can purchase them, no insolence touch them. They only flow from the exertions which they repay.



## Physiological Department.

## INFLUENCE OF MIND UPON BODY.

THE depressing emotions weaken the force of the circulation, diminish the muscular energy, lessen the nervous power, predispose to disease, and even cause sudden death. Fear excites a strong sedative influence on the heart, promotes congestion in the larger vessels, and thus renders the surface of the body cold and pale. This emotion has not been an unfrequent cause of epilepsy, and other severe diseases. Excessive terror acts so powerfully upon the system, that children have become convulsed from being applied to the breast while their mothers were under its influence. The influence of grief is equally striking. Its sudden effect upon the color of the hair is a familiar fact.

There is no fact which illustrates more decidedly the morbid effects of the depressing emotions of the mind upon the body, than the occurrence of *nostalgia*, the *maladie de pays*—home grief, in the expressive language of Germany—the home-sickness, according to our more homely and familiar denomination. This disease, which is purely mental in its origin, assumes the various forms of the severest physical diseases.

According to the medical statistics of the French Army, *nostalgia* ranks among the most prevailing causes of mortality among the young conscripts.

This affection is known to prevail to an enormous extent among the absent Swiss soldiers, when the recollection of home scenes is awakened by the music of their native air, the *ranz des vaches*.

The following fact, stated by Dr. Thomson, in his *Materia Medica*, affords us an illustration of the influence of association of ideas in producing sickness. "A respectable farmer in Scotland, when a young man, had sat up for a whole night with some companions, and drank ale and spirits till he had become sick and had most unpleasant sensations. For more than twenty years afterwards, he never came near or passed the house without suffering sensations similar to those which he had experienced on the night of his debauch."

The most melancholy nervous affections, as epilepsy for example, have been sometimes brought on through the workings of a morbidly exalted and ungoverned imagination. Hence the irritability of Pope, the morbid melancholy of Cowper, and the restless, discontented spirit of Byron, and their several physical maladies. But the influence of the imagination upon the body is often more direct. Diseases are not seldom incurred by imagining that we are affected with them. The consequence of a fancied disorder for a protracted period, is certain organic disease. The patient who fancies he labors under an affection of the heart, disturbs the circulation, which is ever influenced by the moral emotions, until at last this disturbance creates the very malady which he dreaded. The imagination, however, has not thus always been destructive of health and life. To its influence may be attributed the occasional cures at the tombs of saints, amid the ashes of a martyr, or by a canonized bone. Many a person has thus cured himself when he has devoutly attributed his restoration to health to some saint in the calendar. The charlatan reaps his harvest from the operation of this principle. The patient's mind is filled with accounts of "surprising cures of undoubted authority," and in consequence takes his draught, mixture, or pill, with the sure and certain faith that he will be made whole. Pills of no more abstruse materials than bread and water have thus been known to effect the most marvellous cures. The wonderful remedial powers of Perkins' metallic tractors, which created so much wonder in the world for a while, were undoubtedly, in a large degree, owing to the influence of the imagination, as was proved by the equal success of the false tractors: rheumatism, stiffness of the joints, and

paralysis, were cured by bits of wood, tenpenny nails, disguised in sealing-wax, slate pencil dignified with a coat of paint, tobacco pipes, pieces of gingerbread, and other equally harmless materials.

"John Peacock," says Dr. Haygarth, "had been affected for four months with weakness of the hip and severe rheumatic pains, brought on by working in a damp coal-pit. The false tractors were applied: at first they caused considerable pain and very restless nights; but after a few trials he began to sleep unusually well, had fewer attacks of pain, and appeared happy and confident in the idea that a remedy had been discovered for his complaints. With such a subject the event may be easily anticipated. This morning he came to thank me for my services. I can not help mentioning one circumstance respecting this man: he came to me one day complaining of a violent settled pain in his forehead, which he said 'almost distracted him,' and requested me 'to draw it out.' The pieces of mahogany (false tractors) were drawn gently over the forehead for a minute and a half, when the throbbing began to abate, and in two minutes had nearly ceased. In about three minutes the man arose from the chair, saying, 'God bless you, sir, now I am quite easy.' He was attacked with this pain only once afterwards, which affected his vision considerably, but it was removed as easily as in the former instance."

"Such tricks hath strong imagination."

Man, says Aristotle, is an imitative animal; and this truth holds good in the production and extension of diseases, as well as in the habits, occupations, and amusements of life. Boerhave records that "a person fell down in a fit of epilepsy in the ward of a hospital where there were many persons present who witnessed the effects; such was the impression the occurrence made upon the spectators, that many were thrown into similar convulsions." We find in Babington's translation of Hecker on the "Dancing Mania," the following further illustration of the influence of sympathy in producing disease. "In Lancashire, a girl in a cotton factory put a mouse upon the bosom of one of her fellows, which frightened her into convulsions, which continued for twenty-four hours. Three more were seized the next day, and six more on the following one, and in four days from the first, the number of patients amounted to twenty-four." Lock-jaw is said sometimes to be taken by a witness of the disease, from mere sympathy with the pain and suffering of the patient.

A medical writer, who was an eye-witness to the effects of a great religious agitation or revival, compares the convulsions of those "who were affected with the spirit" to the movement of a newly caught fish when thrown upon the land; and another authority, in describing a similar affair in Lanarkshire, says the agony under which they labored was expressed not only by words, but also by violent agitation of the body, by shaking and trembling, by faintings and convulsions, and sometimes by excessive bleeding at the nose. Our every-day experience of the effects of revivals, "protracted," and camp-meetings, freely confirms the truth of these statements. The fanatical preacher, insensible to the sweet influence of the meek spirit and gentle charities of our Savior's gospel of love, skilled in the dialectics of the "raw head and bloody bones" school of eloquence, appeals to the fears and passions of an ignorant audience, thunders out his anathemas and stern denunciations, and pictures to them in awfully-vivid colors, "the burning-gulf," the fiery hell, "the unquenchable flame," and "the unceasing torments," the terrors that await them in another world. Thus are their bodies and minds tortured into disease of the direst kind. Thus are made unnumbered victims of convulsions, idiocy, madness, bedlam, and the church-yard. [SELECTED.]

WHATEVER I can worship or admire is my future self, to which I am to attain, whatever that ideal in me be an attribute of.

C. W.

## Psychological Department.

## TRANCE.

We have in one or two instances made a passing allusion in our columns to a case of TRANCE occurring to Mr. William Tennent, a Presbyterian clergyman, who resided many years ago in New Brunswick, New Jersey. As the case, however, is a very remarkable one, we have thought that our readers would be interested in a more particular account which we give in the following extract.

[Ed.]

Being in feeble health, and entertaining doubts as to his final happiness, Mr. Tennent was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician, who was warmly attached to him, returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought that he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into the warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral, should not attend. To this the brother objected, as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success by the doctor, who never left him night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour; when his brother came in, and insisted with earnestness, that the funeral should proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring life to a dead body.

The writer of these memoirs states that on a favorable occasion he earnestly pressed Mr. Tennent for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were, while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at that time; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior Being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along I knew not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought

--Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "You must return to earth." This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me, disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seem to be not more than twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock, that I fainted repeatedly." He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for sometime afterwards I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered were not out of my ears for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight, as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

## SENSATIONS IN A TRANCE.

THE sensations of a seemingly dead person, while confined in the coffin, are mentioned in the following case of trance: "A young lady, an attendant on the Princess—after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was at last, to all appearance deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and the body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which she died, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail down the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of the body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few minutes after, during which fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek. Physicians were quickly procured, and in the course of a few days she was considerably restored, and is probably alive at this day. The description which she gave of her situation is extremely remarkable, and forms a curious and authentic addition to psychology.

She said it seemed to her that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which is indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act in her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in the body, and yet not in it at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arms, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were begun to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the one that gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame. [BURNS ON SLEEP.]

Any knowledge which is not an internal consciousness as well as an external fact, is no better than sunlight reflected from the moon.

C. W.



# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

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## THE PHYSICAL AND SOCIAL STRUCTURE.

A CONTEMPLATION of the economy of the human frame is more instructing than that of all external nature besides; for the man comprehends in himself all forms and kingdoms, the perfection of all force and beauty; and when the body is harmonized with, and developed to the extent of, its nature, it becomes a fitting temple for the indwelling of the spirit of the living God.

The body, though organized by Divine Wisdom, is nevertheless subject to incidental derangement. It is only while it lives and acts in harmony with the laws of its nature and of the universe, that it realizes fully the object of its existence. It is not man's duty to organize himself, but to see that he obeys the laws of his God-given organization. The inference from this is, that Human Society, which is properly represented by the human form, has in it the elements for a just arrangement, were the unfavorable circumstances and arbitrary contrivances of man removed, so as to allow an equitable distribution of the vital fluid to all its parts. The race is a Brotherhood; its interests and enjoyments are so inseparably connected, that "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." Sectarianism of church or state, of clime or color, may deny this, but their want of harmony; their disorganizing results; their wars, national, civil, religious and commercial; the diseases in the outward church, of spiritual pride, bigotry and intolerance, which seal up the very fountains of life to those claiming to be God's elect; the miserable and inhuman results flowing from an exclusive legislation which starves and makes naked one portion, to surfeit another with luxuries and all the appliances of effeminacy; the terrible catastrophes in the spiritual or social state, whether of the triumph of arbitrary authority or lawless anarchy,—are but the natural retribution which God visits on society for its lack of confidence in Him, its unholy tampering with his economy, which has made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth, and instituted a brotherhood on such principles that the good of one only consists with the good of all.

It would be interesting to follow the analogy in its details, but it will serve our present object to speak of society under the three general distinctions of "the head," "the hand," "the heart," corresponding to the wisdom, affections, and executive power, by which the affairs of society are devised and directed, effected and proportioned. In one of these divisions every member of the body politic may be arranged. It is not meant by this, that any considerable portion of the human race, or indeed any portion, are entirely constituted with brains, or bones and muscles, or with mouths and stomachs,—only that in most individuals one of these characteristics predominates, and may therefore direct to which class they belong. It is the order of God that the head should rule, plan and direct; that the hand should execute, while the nutritive organs should assimilate and digest proper nutriment which should serve the general want. Two things, then, seem necessary to the general health.

1. That each department should discharge its appropriate functions, and,
2. That there should be an equitable distribution of the assimilated particles, which shall give to each part what is suitable and necessary.

Either of these principles being disregarded, disease is certain to ensue, and as we have already seen, the suffering of one member involves the whole. To the proper fulfillment of these conditions, it requires that the organization be understood, as well as the duties and deserts of each member. Because if there should be any mistake in regard to the just position of a member, or what were its proper office or reward, the most direful consequences must ensue. Attention is solicited to some reflections on these points of consideration.

### THE HEAD—ITS DUTIES AND ITS RIGHTS.

The head of Society consists of the concentrated wisdom of the whole body. The weakest intellect in the state is necessary to the completion of this department. Nor are the brightest minds to be separated, as individuals from the other spheres of exertion or affection. As it requires the united wisdom to give counsel and direction, so it requires the united hands to execute, and the united affections to appropriate and secrete the wealth, which joint wisdom and labor has secured, to give life, strength and happiness, to the whole system.

In other periods of advancement, when it was necessary to associate in clans, or under feudal lords, the business of legislation was necessarily confined to a few. These, however, assumed their place, by whatever force was given them by the religion of the age. When the race followed war, their ruler was the most successful warrior; when it took a more superstitious and mystery-loving turn, the ruler was the Priest and magician. And the only objection that can now be brought against these, is, that they have outlived their time, and they should have no place in a christian democracy. Society at present is not organized at all. The apologies we have for it, are but the relics of barbarism and feudalism, which, enshrouded in the mere affections of men, are retained despite the wisdom of the head, or the oppressed labor of the hand. It is wisdom's right to rule. This is the prerogative of the head. But wisdom no longer dwells in abstract formulas or single individuals, but in the heads of the whole people. Only remove for once, the barriers to a free exercise of the native powers, take away the false rulers and teachers which ancient wrongs and darkened systems have transmitted, and the race would immediately recognize who were capable of ruling and teaching. From the present mammon-organized state, we would become God-organized, and his heavenly kingdom of wisdom, peace and love, would be realized here below.

The head has not now its rights. It is in subjection to the affections, to avarice and every grade of sensuality. It is misplaced indeed, and made to do the work of the hands, or minister to the encroachments of worldly power and wrong; thus perverting its noble powers and bringing disease and woe upon the whole body. It is under the control of Mammon. The heart has seized on all worldly possessions, and is determined to rule when this is not its function, and, by withholding the elements of life, makes the head and hands do its bidding, turning both and deranging the whole divine order of duties and compensations; surfeiting some portions with an overplus, and contracting others with cold and want. Thus the heart has assumed a control which the Creator never designed, and exercises a corrupted domination which enslaves and enfeebles the head and hands, while it renders itself sluggish and disensual. By this obstruction of the currents of life, which carry energy and happiness to every part, the whole social economy is deranged. The head no longer plans the general good—nor do the hands labor for the common weal. They only devise and labor so as to obtain, what they must have or perish, the nutriment they crave. Thus the whole body is disorganized, and the parts from having a harmonious operation, have become antagonistic, as though they were not members, but independent and conflicting individualities. From this tendency has arisen most sects in religion and politics so that

"The natural bond of brotherhood is severed  
As the flax, which falls asunder at the touch of fire."



Existing social conditions, with all their inequalities and injustices, are but the results of this antagonism. All employments of the head are bought or hired by gold, not to promote the general interest, but to minister to insatiate Greed. The dollar covers all questions of right or policy. It decides what laws you shall have, whether free trade or protection, though it is sure to decide what is worst for the race. So blind is the affection which rules society now, that not the best, but the worst possible of all things is produced. The Lawyer uses his knowledge to get money. It is his interest to get inexplicable laws enacted, that he may find employment in giving an exposition; to foment divisions and quarrels, of a party or personal character, that thereby his talents may be had in requisition. The Physician is in a similar position. Society has made it his interest to desire sickness and disease, that his knowledge may find a quick purchase in the market; to protract your diseases, and propagate deception, with regard to the nature of disease and the application of remedies. And the professed minister of Jesus "is bought with a price," in a sense not altogether evangelical; sold to Mammon, to do his work, not God's; to build up an earthly power and control, which shall keep the people bigoted and ignorant; to lie in wait like a prowling wolf, for the tender and innocent lambs, ere they grow up so as to discover the transparency of the sheep's-clothing, or are borne away to some other sectarian den, by others still more shrewd and successful. Because, if the people should ever grow to a just conception of their spiritual relations, they would discover the unprofitableness of all these distinctions, and altogether "flow unto the mountain of the Lord," where the God-appointed teachers, he who, at the same time, was superior to, and servant of all, would instruct them into the "right way." And as a consequence, the panders to a narrow superstition would be minus a calling: but where could they turn? all employments of the head are filled to overflowing, and if they were not ashamed to be seen laboring with their hands or begging, they would even find the departments of manual labor and begging occupied; and if they should crowd in, it would only be like changes in office,—for as one would step in, another must step out.

But the pulpit of our land, is much more under the sway of the affections at present represented by Avarice, than is dreamed of by most persons. The vices of the time and place must not be preached against. The habits, the practice, the great business relations, must not be canvassed. The ruling power has a religion merely affected, which sanctifies time-honored impressions, and elevates them, in its popular temple, above all that is called God. Those old dogmas must be taught and illustrated, because the religious nature will have some exercise, and they do not interfere with the sins of to-day. All that is called sin by the Church endowed by Mammon, is chimerical; in the sight of eternal justice, it bears not a feather's weight in the balance with that wrong of our social system, which is crying every where to God for redress. What is the original sin, provided you could give it a local habitation as easy as a name, in connection with the hereditary wrongs which afflict and divide our race? What is the "Sin against the Holy Spirit," if it be not the shutting out the rays of heaven's light, which would expose our own sins and call for reform? "But do we not preach against robbery, and murder, and theft?" Yes, in their unpopular forms, indeed; but not in those from which society has most to fear. Theft, in its common and legal sense, is not always the worst. He who detracts from his neighbors reputation, or in a fair business transaction, takes what he has given no equivalent for, is no less a thief, because the law does not so decide. Nor is that robbery alone which relieves a man of a few ounces of corrupting gold; greater in the sight of heaven is that robbery which plunders the oppressed laborer day by day, of almost the entire productions of his toil. That is not the only murder which in a fit of excited passion takes the life of a single human being; for worse a crime against God and

man, is that deliberate, that calculating inhumanity which "murders human souls with bondage."

The head has not its rights; it is unfortunately situated with respect to its duties, as already shown. It labors not, to relieve the hands, but to oppress them. It contrives schemes of financing for Avarice, which shall board the wealth of society in the hands of the few avaricious and sordid mortals, who have no code of morals but legal enactments, formed for their benefit; and no God other than a Golden Calf. It does not its duty in the methods of instruction; but emits a partial light which only bewilders and betrays. It must be emancipated from the thralldom of Avarice, or it can never fulfil its duties or its destiny.

It should not however, be thought, that our remarks apply to all individuals who live by their mental powers. The application is only general, not entire. There are minds which will labor under all the discouragements which the popular devotion can contrive, and to the sacrifice of worldly prospects of wealth and power, that they may promote the interests of man. There are followers of Jesus even in pulpits consecrated to his name. There are true teachers among all sects and parties. There are noble men in the profession of the law, and among financiers, and politicians, who blessed by nature or fortune, have not bowed the knee to Baal. There are physicians like one of Gallilee, who really heal, and teach with a benevolent desire for the health and happiness of their kind. But this does not disprove the tendency of the system. It only proves that despite all your efforts to give dominion to lust, there are minds that can not be seduced from the right, or have their confidence destroyed in the awards of virtue; that so far from human nature being totally depraved, it has god-like emotions and aspirations, which will find expression however you may labor to suppress them; and that what is truthful and holy in man, cannot be made subservient to error and sin, nor this God's-world be wholly transformed into a pandemonium of selfishness and pride. J. K. I.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DEGRADING INFLUENCES.

It is generally acknowledged that scenes or acts displaying human passion, weakness, folly, or wisdom and virtue, exert an influence upon those who witness or contemplate them, tending to mold their character in conformity to the spirit which dictates and the principles which govern them. But though this fact is not entirely unknown, we are convinced that moralists and legislators have generally failed to award to it its full importance; that they have not been fully aware of the principles upon which it rests,—and hence they have not known how to govern it consistently with the best interests of humanity. A few considerations upon this subject seem to be demanded in view of a recent occurrence, with accounts of and remarks upon which the public press has teemed for the past three weeks.

We will observe in the outset, that there is a faculty in the human soul which Phrenologists and others have called *Benevolence*. The interior nature of this faculty, however, is but vaguely defined by the word Benevolence. It seems to be the spiritual connecting link between one emotional and sensitive being and another, making the two in a sense one. It is by virtue of this community of interior being, and by this alone, that a community of feeling which we call *sympathy*, can exist between man and man; and this communion of feeling, or sympathy, as every person's experience will attest, can extend no further than the community or oneness in the principles of the interior being extend.

Immediately associated with the faculty establishing a community of being and consequent feeling, is one establishing a community or oneness of action. Observing only the external manifestations of this faculty without duly considering its interior principles, Phrenologists have called it *Imitation*. By

calling it this name, and applying to its contiguous organ or faculty the name of Benevolence, the close natural relations existing between the two are in a great measure lost: whereas if the one is designated as the organ of sympathy of *being*, and the other as the organ of sympathy of *action*, not only every idea of Benevolence and Imitation will be included, but the natural relations indicated by the immediate contiguity of those organs or faculties will be plainly suggested, as will also the interior principles or causes of the peculiar outer manifestations of each. We consider this new definition of the functions of these two phrenological organs, as of importance, and commend it to the attention of Phrenologists in general.

We now pass to the remark that as the faculty of *sympathy of being* is possessed more or less by all, so it may be exercised by each person toward every other person, in proportion as there exists between them a similarity of nature and of the principles of action. Those who stand upon a low plane of moral and intellectual development, will sympathize most actively with those who stand upon a similar plane—will sympathize with them in all points of character peculiar to that plane—and thus personal sympathy, *misdirected*, often tends to the establishment and conservation of the most wicked and abominable feelings and principles of action. For illustration we refer, though not without painful feelings, to the recent occurrence and the subsequent manifestations, which suggested the writing of this article.

Two men, (yes, we must not deny that they are *men*;) in this city, not remarkable, of course, for any moral or intellectual traits, but characterized by great dexterity in the offensive and defensive application of brute force, recently met, coolly and deliberately, in a set pugilistic contest. The effort of each, of course, was to injure as much as possible, if not to kill, the other; and as a very *natural* consequence, the weaker, or less skillful, or less fortunate, was overcome after receiving horrible injuries. The friends of the vanquished, from *sympathy* with their fallen champion, gnashed their teeth in rage, disappointment, and mortification. The victor, on the other hand, was applauded and "lionized" in three of the principal cities of this great republican Union! In this city one or two public houses were illuminated in celebration of the GLORIOUS (!) victory, and from one of them was displayed a broad flag upon which were emblazoned the words "CHAMPION OF AMERICA." On Saturday last the victor, returning with all his "blushing honors" from the field of battle, or rather from a Philadelphia prison, was conveyed in triumph to the Fountain Hotel in this city, in open carriage, surmounted by four United States flags! Happening to pass by the hotel soon afterward, we found a throng of persons, many of whom were genteelly clad, obstructing the sidewalk eager to catch a glimpse of the bully, and seeming to identify a large portion of their very souls with his. At the corners of streets, in tippling shops and oyster saloons, in the lower social circles generally, and most of all do we regret to say, in the *public prints*, the most exciting subject of remark and discussion has been the brutal and brutalizing prize fight referred to. By ruminating and digesting and incorporating with their own beings, the horrid facts and scenes of that brutal contest, hundreds if not thousands of persons have become more or less bullyized and rowdyized in their affections and feelings, and thus far rendered dangerous members of the community. Even many persons ordinarily of high and generous impulses have not been proof entirely against the influence of occurrences so exciting to the lower passions, and so powerful to divert the nobler sympathies of the soul from their more legitimate channels. So much comes of the law of sympathy of being and feeling as existing upon a comparatively low plane of development, and perverted from its proper objects.

The correlative law of *sympathy of action*, called by Phrenologists Imitation, will serve as the basis of some farther considerations as connected with this affair. In illustration of the influence of this law, we will take a few simple facts: For in-

stance, after a number of persons have been seated together and engaged in conversation, until their feelings and thoughts have become fused into a kind of oneness, if one of the number happens to yawn, almost all the others will follow him in the same act as by sympathy. For this simple fact, familiar to every one, there must of course be a *cause*, and that cause we presume will be found in the ultimate analysis, to exist in the fact that the spiritual essence in each individual, which controls all muscular motions and outer expressions, assumes *sympathetically* the same conditions and motions that existed in the first person. These conditions and motions being assumed, the same *outer expressions* of course naturally follow. We might prove by induction, were it necessary, that this sympathetic action, as it is called, is generated by an actual force exerted by one spirit upon another either by a direct contact of spheres, or through a vibrating medium, and we might cite numberless facts to prove that in certain cases, (such as those often occurring among religious enthusiasts,) this force is absolutely irresistible to those upon whom it acts. This, however, is not essential to our present purpose, so long as the actual fact of this sympathetic influence will be acknowledged by all.

Now it is on this same principle, only a little more conspicuously manifested, that the child insensibly copies the actions, gestures, words, and vocal intonations of the parent; and on the same principle do grown persons copy the practices, customs, and fashions of each other. In short, *all* the multifarious imitations (so called) of actions and motions, of which man is susceptible, originate from the same general cause which propagates a simple yawn from one individual throughout a whole assemblage of persons by whom he may be surrounded and observed. By these considerations it is made distinctly clear that any very *exciting* human actions which receive a large share of public contemplation, must necessarily engender, at least in the minds of all persons to whom such actions are not positively repulsive, a very sensible inclination to *similar* actions, and must thus exert an extensive influence upon public morals or manners. This is certainly confirmed by *facts*, though the law on which these are based seems not to be generally understood, and it is for this reason that we have offered the foregoing explanatory observations.

We may now understandingly observe some of the influences of the late brutal prize fight, the scenes and the very spirit of which, have become thoroughly incorporated with no small portion of the public mind. A little boy having heard the account, sees his shadow on the wall, and (a fact,) forthwith sets to work and soundly belabors it, imagining himself the victorious prize-fighter and his shadow the vanquished party. He thus takes his first lesson in the rudiments of rowdiness, doubtless hoping one day to distinguish himself in that department. The news boys at the corners of the streets, with ambition all fired by the recital of the *heroic* deeds, are constantly getting up impromptu sparring matches. The tippling shops, and third-rate oyster saloons are frequently the witnesses of similar scenes, in which the boys of a larger growth are the actors. Degrading pictures representing the brutal contest of the fighters, glare from the windows of all the less respectable print shops, and bedizen the walls of all the less respectable public saloons. From all these indications we may judge that the precious cause of pugilism is in a most flourishing condition at these times, and all under the stimulus of the demoralizing example to which we have referred.

We have offered the foregoing remarks, not because we suppose that prize fighting, bad as it is, is the worst evil occurring in society. Our main object has been to make this occurrence, yet painfully fresh in the public mind, the occasion of illustrating and enforcing a *principle*—which is, that all scenes displaying a disregard of human life or happiness, and which tend directly, notoriously and designedly to personal injury, have necessarily an inhumanizing, brutalizing, and demoralizing influ-



ence upon the great masses who witness or contemplate them. We have shown the principles on which such influences are exerted, and that these principles are absolutely established in the nature of man, and that their effects can not be escaped. According to these principles, it unavoidably follows that all laws and penalties which in any way seek the personal injury of the criminal, must necessarily be inhumanizing and demoralizing in their influence upon the masses, because it is absolutely impossible for the masses to avoid sympathizing to some extent with the spirit and operations of such laws, thus incorporating them with their own mental constitutions and insensibly making them the basis of their personal feelings and actions toward their neighbors. A law, good or bad is always intuitively felt to be an embodiment of the moral sense of the community; and the spirit of this community will be more or less imbibed and its acts copied by its children, on the same principle that the child insensibly imbibes the spirit and copies the acts of the parent. And each person, erecting *himself* into a little community, feels disposed to carry out the spirit of these laws so far as possible, with reference to his personal offenders, real or imaginary, and concerning whose acts he constitutes himself the judge and jury. Must not these things be perfectly plain to every one who will reflect?

We will take for example, that extreme representative of all inhuman laws—the law requiring the punishment of death for certain offences. According to principles which we have laid down, not only does this law tend to promote a disregard of human life, but it infuses into the minds of many persons a kind of diabolical inspiration analogous to that experienced by the tiger on beholding blood. In illustration of this, a gentleman well known to the literary world told us a few days ago, that when he was a boy, a public execution took place in his neighborhood, which, however, he did not see; but afterwards, hearing every body speak of the occurrence with its circumstantial details, he was seized with an unconquerable desire to get up an execution for his own special gratification; and not having any human subject at his command on whom he could conveniently operate, he erected a miniature gallows, and hung his favorite cat in the cellar!

Imbibing the spirit of this law, as every one must do who fully recognizes its justice, many persons very consistently desire to carry out, so far as practicable, the principles of capital punishment toward all who offend against the sovereignty of their own personality. But not being permitted to erect a gallows and openly hang their enemies, or to seek their utmost vengeance upon them publicly, there are persons who would seek the covert of some by-place, and use as a convenient substitute for the gallows, the pistol or the dirk. The act which such would commit is in common parlance called *murder*; but we might defy the world to prove that it differs in principle from acts openly committed by society under the name of capital punishment.

Other individuals, again, have not the hardihood to inflict capital punishment outright upon their personal offenders, but will come as near to it as their feelings will allow, and inflict a partial death upon them by assaulting and wounding their persons, or destroying their reputation or their interests in some way or other. And in thus doing they but carry out the spirit embodied and sanctified by the inhuman laws of the land; and in many cases this spirit would have no existence in individuals were it not for the improper examples held out for their imitation by the laws to which from childhood they are taught to look for patterns of justice and right. When will legislators and moralists learn that it is the constant tendency of like to produce like? that inhumanity in laws tends to produce the like inhumanity in individuals, and that benevolence in laws tends to produce the like spirit in those who are intended to be influenced by them? When these facts are duly understood, we shall have different legislative measures, and soon a different state of society.

W. F.

## CURIOUS.

AN Indian, says an observing writer, had tamed a black snake, which he kept about him during the summer months. In autumn he let the creature go whither it chose to crawl, but told it to come to him again upon a certain day, which he named, in the spring. A white man who was present, and saw what was done, and heard the Indian affirm that the serpent would return to him the very day he had appointed, had no faith in the truth of his prediction. The next spring, retaining the day in his memory, curiosity led him to the place, where he found the Indian in waiting, and after remaining with him about two hours, the serpent came crawling back, and put himself under the care of his old master.

The case has been accounted for by supposing that the Indian had observed that black snakes usually return to their old haunts at the same vernal season; and as he had tamed, fed, and kept this snake in a particular place, experience taught him that it would return on a certain day.

This may be one way of accounting for it; another is, to suppose a real magnetic connection between the Indian and the snake, of the nature of *fascination* and *charming* between serpents and birds, which, upon a certain day, drew the snake to his master. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than art dreamt of in our philosophy." W. M. F.

BEHOLD the grub under the base of a beautiful Corinthian column, inert and senseless: and then wait and see the butterfly to which it has become transformed, perching on the marble leaves of the capital. The worm was unpoetic; (to most minds,) but when should we see the poetic butterfly, had it not once been the grovelling worm? C. W.

IN consequence of the bursting of a boiler which drives eighteen steam presses, the press work of our paper was somewhat delayed last week; and owing to derangement from the same cause, we fear that the present number will not be mailed so early in the week as usual. We always endeavor to get our paper to as many of our subscribers as possible, by Saturday. They will please excuse one or two failures.

IT will be perceived by a notice on our last page, that our friend DR. J. W. REDFIELD proposes soon to commence a course of lectures on his favorite science of *PHYSIOGNOMY*. We think Dr. R. has made many discoveries in his department that are important, and we advise all who would acquire a more intimate knowledge of the nature of man, to give him a hearing.

IMPORTANT. Will those of our friends who subscribed to the EDITORIAL FUND of this paper, have the goodness to remit to this office at their earliest convenience, whatever may be due on their subscriptions. By thus doing they will greatly oblige us, as at this moment funds are much needed.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

"LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF MESMERISM."—We have received from the publishers, Fowler and Wells, 131 Nassau St., a pamphlet of eighty-two pages, containing six lectures on the Philosophy of Mesmerism, by Dr. J. B. Dods. It is a production characterized by much sound thought and ingenious argument, and will richly repay a careful perusal. Now that Dr. D. has so deeply engaged the attention of a portion of our citizens in the cognate subject of "Electrical Psychology," this little work will doubtless be in much demand. Price 25 cents.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The February and March numbers of this excellent juvenile monthly, edited by the renowned Peter Parley, have been received. Terms of subscription, one dollar per annum. Address, D. MACDONALD & Co., 149 Nassau-st.

## Poetry.

## THE SHELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

*"It seems, in truth, the fairest shell of ocean."—SHELLEY.*

WHAT is it makes thy sound unto my ear  
So mournful, Angel of the mighty Sea?  
Is it the soul of her who once was here,  
Speaking affection, through thy lips, to me?

Oh! from my childhood this has been to me  
A mystery which no one could solve!—It sounds  
And sorrows for the Sea incessantly—  
Telling the grief with which my soul abounds!

Here, in its labyrinthine curve, it leaves  
The foot-prints of its song in many dyes;  
And here, incessantly, it ever weaves  
The rainbow-tissue of its melodies.

When any harsher sound disturbs me here,  
In my lamentings in this world for thee,  
I will apply it to my listening ear,  
And think it is thy soul come down to me.

## MY MOTTO.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

"I HAVE nothing to do but be happy," O why  
Every day will our spirit's true happiness fly,  
And eagerly seek for it where it is not?  
Since it only can center in one little spot,  
The Mind—which we make either Heaven or Hell,  
As we do good or evil, or live ill or well.

"I have nothing to do but be happy," therefore,  
And grow better and wiser, and hope evermore.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY 31, 1819.

## NATURE AND HER LOVER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I REMEMBER the time, thou roaring sea,  
When thy voice was the voice of Infinity—  
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May flowers,  
When your odors and hues in the fields and bowers  
Fell on my soul, as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,  
When thy voice in the woods, to my dreaming mind,  
Seem'd the sigh of the Earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye sun and stars,  
When ye raised my soul from its mortal bars,  
And bore it through heaven in your golden cars.

And has it then vanish'd, that dreamful time?  
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime,  
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah no! ah no! amid sorrow and pain,  
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,  
In the world of spirit I rove—I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight  
In the luxuries of sound and sight—  
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,  
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill—  
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,  
Every star is a friend divine:  
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy, the oceans roll,  
They breathe their secrets to my soul:  
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man can not harm me if he would;  
I have such friends for my every mood,  
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate can not touch me: nothing can stir  
To put disunion or hate of her  
'Twixt Nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers; preach to me, skies;  
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes;  
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries.

Sigh to me, winds; ye forests, nod;  
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod:  
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

## INTELLECTUAL UNION.

MEN of mind! O, men of mind!  
Ye who wield the mighty Pen,  
Scanning souls with angel ken!

Ye who mold our human kind  
In the matrix of your thought,—  
Why have ye for ages wrought  
Moral miracle and wonder,  
Still asunder—still asunder?

MEN of mind! O, men of mind!  
Could the electric fire of soul  
Fuse ye in one glowing whole.—  
Could the immortal flame, enshrined  
In each stranger heart and brain,  
Flash from one tremendous fane,—  
Then might all the world awaken—  
Then might Earth with joy be shaken!

MEN of mind! O, men of mind!  
Ye are stewards of your Lord—  
Ye are treasurers of his Word!  
Whatsoe'er on earth ye bind,  
Lo! it shall be bound in heaven:  
What by you on earth is riven,  
Shall in heaven be loosed and broken—  
Lo! the Eternal Voice has spoken!

MEN of mind! O, men of mind!  
Flash your million souls in one—  
Let the stars become the Sun!  
Be ye as your God designed!  
Then shall Error withering fall—  
Then shall perish Wrong and Thrall—  
Then shall Freedom's song arise—  
Earth's Eternal Sacrifice!

[WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.]



## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE TOBACCO PIPE.

Translated for the Universalium, from the German of B. Auerbach,  
BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

This is an entirely separate history, but still is intimately connected with the universal history, or what is much the same, the history of Napoleon. That was an extraordinary time, when each peasant could see from the king's-box of his own house the entire universal history in action defiling past,—kings and emperors joining in the play, who as quickly as they appeared, were as quickly drawn in: and this entire magnificent play often cost the peasant nothing more than his house and land, or sometimes perhaps, his life! But it went not so hard with my neighbor Hansyorg, yet—I will narrate the history from the beginning.

It was in the year 1796. We, in our quiet still time; we children, so unsatisfactorily quiet, could form to ourselves scarcely any idea of the reigning disturbance; it seemed as if the people were nowhere any longer stationary: as if the whole human race had started to drive hither and thither by turns. Soon over the Black Forest, marched the Austrians with their white doublets, the French with their red hose, the Russians with their long beards, and among them the Bavarians, Wurtembergers, and Hessians, in hodge-podge fashion. The Black Forest was always, and is even now, the open door for the French to bolt.

There was often such marching, advancing and retiring; such shouting and thundering; that one knew not where his head stood: indeed it did not often stand still, but unexpectedly turned round and round! Not far from Baisingen, in the midst of a plain, is a hill as high as a house, under which, it is truly reported, both French and German soldiers sleep together in death.

But my neighbor Hansyorg was prevented from being forced to become a soldier, although he was a trim and stout lad, just entering his nineteenth year, who feared not to show himself anywhere. It happened thus:

On the day previous to the wedding of Maurers Wendel, who brought a wife from Empingen, Hansyorg, with others, rode behind the wagon containing the household furniture, in which sat the bride upon a blue-painted chest, near the distaff and a brand new cradle.

Hansyorg always shot with a gun terribly charged: he always put in at least a double charge. As the train approached the clay-pit, at the right of which is the fish-pond, and at the left the brick-maker's hut, out of which last looked little Kate, Hansyorg shot again. But almost before the report he was heard to scream most piteously, the pistol fell from his hand, and he would have fallen from his horse had not his comrade, Viteli, saved him. Immediately they saw what had happened: he had shot himself in the middle-joint of the fore-finger of the right hand. He was lifted from his horse, all sprang pitifully forward, while Kate ran out of the hut and was nigh fainting when she saw the finger, as it hung only by the skin to the hand. But Hansyorg ground his teeth with pain, while he stared motionless at Kate. He was soon taken into the hut of the brick-maker.

Old Yockel, from Schenbuss, was instantly called in, to stop the blood; while some one ran quickly to the town for Erath, a much esteemed surgeon. As old Yockel stepped into the room, each one fell silently back, so that all stood in two lines fronting the wounded man, towards whom he strode, between the others. Hansyorg lay behind the table upon the bench. Only Kate stepped forward and cried: "In God's name, Yockel, help Hansyorg." The latter suddenly opened his eyes and turned his head

towards the speaker, and as Yockel then stood before him and carefully raised his hand the blood ceased to flow.

But this time it was through no sympathy of the old man, but through another, namely, that between Kate and Hansyorg; for as he heard her words, he felt as if all his blood rushed to the heart and consequently ceased to flow to the fingers.

Erath came and found he must take off the finger. The patient supported himself through the cruel operation like a hero. Many hours afterwards, when he lay in the wound-fever, it seemed to him as if an angel hovered near him and cooled him by fanning with its wings. He knew not that Kate in brushing away the flies with her hand, often moved it very close to his face and then drew it back: and such a nearness can produce a magic effect upon another, though the living hand be not really brought in contact. And this could easily have fashioned in our patient such a vision.

Then appeared to him again in a dream, a figure completely veiled, apparently himself, so closely did it resemble him, and—so singular was the dream—it had a loose finger in its mouth, from which it seemed to smoke Tobacco, as from a pipe; so that the little blue clouds extended in fragrant circles.

Kate observed that the closed lips of the patient moved several times up and down, and when he woke, the first thing demanded was his pipe. Hansyorg had the most beautiful pipe in the whole village, and we must describe it accurately since it is an important article in our history. It had a brown marble bowl, brought from Ulm, spotted with the most fantastic figures; among which one might fancy he saw all sorts of things. The silver lid was formed like a helmet, and so bright that one could see himself reflected therein, and with this advantage, that his face seemed doubled, and he really saw both the under and uppermost. The lower end of the bowl, which was shaped like a boot, was also covered with silver. A small silver chain, doubled with a spring ring, was fitted instead of a cord, and held the short tube to the long, flexible, curved mouth-piece.

Was not this a beautiful pipe? and was not Hansyorg right in loving it, as a hero of the olden time loved his shield?

The first that troubled him at the loss of his finger was, that he could now only with difficulty fill his pipe. Kate laughed and chided him about his favorite employment, yet still she filled his pipe, brought him a coal, and even took a couple of whiffs herself; although she shuddered and made wry faces, as if she dreadfully loathed it. But Hansyorg had never relished a pipe so well as this, which Kate had first had in her mouth.

Notwithstanding it was midsummer, still in consequence of his wound, Hansyorg dared not be carried home, but must remain at the brick-maker's hut. This was very agreeable to our patient, and although his old parents came to nurse him, still he was very impatient for the time to arrive when he might be alone with Kate.

The second day was that of Maurer Wendel's wedding, and as the bells rang for church and the procession passed through the village to the sound of the bridal march, Hansyorg lay upon the bed and whistled the constantly repeated time, after the band.

From the church, the band marched through the streets, and played before the houses in which were the most beautiful maidens, or such as had sweethearts. The lads and lasses joined the procession, which increased the more the farther it moved. They came likewise to the brick-maker's hut. Viteli, as the companion of Hansyorg, came up with his sweetheart, in order to take Kate to the dance, as the wounded man could not do it. But she thanked them, plead work as an excuse, and remained at home. At this Hansyorg was highly delighted, and as they were alone, he said:

"Grieve not, Kate, soon there will be another wedding, when we two will of right dance together."

"A wedding," inquired she sorrowfully, "I wonder of whom?"

"Just come here," said Hansyorg laughing. She stepped nearer and he continued, "I will confess it only to thee, but I have purposely shot off my finger, that I might not be forced to become a soldier."

Kate drew back with a loud cry and covered her face with her apron.

"Why do you scream," inquired Hansyorg, "is it not right? It must be, for thou wast the cause."

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, no, surely not. I am not the cause: what sin hast thou committed, Hansyorg? O, thou beloved Savior! thou mightest have shot thyself dead: nay, thou art a wild man. I am afraid of thee."

"Kate would have escaped from him, but Hansyorg held her fast with his hand. She stood there unwillingly, turned towards him her back, and bit the corner of her apron.

Hansyorg would have given all the world would she only once have looked at him, but all his prayers and entreaties were useless, and he finally loosed his hand and waited awhile if she would turn around; but as she remained dumb and turned away, he said to her, with trembling voice: "Wilt thou be so good as to bring my father? I will go home."

"No, thou must not. Erath said thou wouldst get the cynic spasms," replied Kate, still turning away.

"If thou wilt bring no one, I will go alone," said Hansyorg.

Kate turned quickly around and looked at him with tearful eyes, from which beamed clearly all the power and entreaty for a beloved object. Hansyorg seized her hand: it was burning as with fever, and he gazed long into the face of his maiden. It was not what one would call beautiful; it was coarse and strong. The face as well as the whole head, was almost as round as a ball; the forehead was highly arched, almost like a semicircle; the eyes lay deep in the curve; the little turned up nose expressed something of merriment and haughtiness; the round full cheeks—all bespoke a fresh, hale life. Hansyorg contemplated it, while the blushes deepened upon it, as if it was the most beautiful.

Thus they remained a long time, and spake never a word. Finally, Kate said, "Shall I fill thy pipe?"

"Yes," said Hansyorg, and he let her go.

In this offer, lay the best proof of their reconciliation. This both felt, and spake no more of their dispute.

Towards evening, many lads and maidens came with highly glowing cheeks and joyful beaming eyes, in order to take Kate to the dance; but still she would not go with them. Hansyorg laughed to himself, but when he besought her to please him by going, she tripped joyfully away, and quickly returned beautifully dressed.

But there arose another inconvenience. Notwithstanding their kindness, not one was willing to leave the dance and remain with Hansyorg. But as good luck would have it, old Yockel came in, and for a good pint, which they brought him from the porter-house, he promised, if nothing prevented, to remain the whole night.

Erath had preserved for Hansyorg his finger, in a glass filled with spirits. The latter wished to give it to Kate, but notwithstanding her former firmness, she feared this as if it had been a spectre. She scarcely ventured even to touch the glass, and the first day he was able to go out they went together into the garden, before the house, and buried the finger.

While Kate filled the hole with a shovel, Hansyorg stood by reflecting. The sin against his fatherland, which he had cherished by his self-mutilation, entered not into his mind; but instead, came the thought that here lay buried part of the living power which he received from God, and for which he must give an account. He stood, so to speak, alive by his own burial, and he formed the resolution to truly and conscientiously exercise and employ all his remaining powers in active duty. A thought of death caused him to shudder, and with sorrow and joy he looked up and saw himself living, and near him his beloved

maiden. Such thoughts formed themselves but indistinctly in his mind, and he said: "Kate, I see well, I have sinned grievously, and I must confess; I must have it quickly off my heart. I will willingly perform any penance."

Kate embraced and kissed him, and he enjoyed beforehand the most blissful absolution, such indeed as only the genuine repentant soul must really feel for itself when armed with firm resolutions. The next Sunday Hansyorg went to the confessional, but what penance was enjoined upon him has never been known.

One would imagine that a man must have a singularly mysterious attraction towards the spot where lies buried part of his living being. As the fatherland is doubly sacred to us, because there lie buried the bones of our loved ones; as the whole earth only becomes truly sacred to us, when we consider that the bodies of our friends and fellow creatures are mingled with its dust; so must man, from whose own inseparable body a living piece has already become earth, feel himself drawn by the infinite power of the earthly holiness, and often turn to the place of its burial.

Although a dark presentiment sometimes arose of something wrong therefrom, yet such thoughts could not long affect a man by nature like our hero. He went daily to the hut, not because of the dead but of the living; i. e. the love of Kate drew him. Still many a time went he sorrowfully away from that place, when she seemed to have planned to deride and vex him. What most she continually desired of him was, that he should quit smoking, and he dared never kiss her when he had smoked; and before he went to her, he had almost always to conceal his beloved pipe; nor dared he ever to smoke in the brick-layer's room. So that as willingly as he went there, so willingly went he away. Kate had good right, after all, to tease him thus.

Hansyorg grew exceedingly angry at this whim of Kate, and he set his heart more strongly upon this favorite gratification. He thought it unmanly to have a woman dictate in any thing; she ought to yield; and besides it must be confessed he felt it entirely impossible to give up his habit. He tried it once during the year, two long days; but it seemed to him all the time as if he had fasted; he constantly missed something, until he got his pipe again, and whilst he satisfactorily held it fast between his teeth and struck fire, he said to himself: "Before I will give up smoking, Kate and all womankind may go to the devil." Thereupon he struck his finger, and shaking his violently painful hand, he thought, this is a fault, if it is really nothing more.

At last came the harvest. Hansyorg was at once pronounced unfit for military service. Some other peasant boys had imitated him in his stratagem, by pulling out their front teeth, so that they could not bite off their cartridges; but the military commissioner looked upon this as intentional mutilation, whilst that of Hansyorg, because of its hazardousness, was looked upon as a disaster. The unlucky toothless ones were appointed to the carriages, and must still march to the war and with a mutilated row of teeth bite the often meager morsels of military fare, and in the end must perhaps be killed in battle, for which they really need no more teeth.

Early in October the French General, Moreau, made his famous retreat through the black forest. One division of the army was to pass through North Stettin, which was known several days previous to their arrival. All was terror and anxiety throughout the village, so that one knew not how to advise or help himself. All began to dig ditches in cellars, in which they concealed whatever of gold and jewels they possessed. The maidens brought their garnet necklaces, with the silver medals hanging thereon, as amulets; drew their rings from their fingers, and buried all. All went about stripped of ornaments, as if in deep mourning. The cattle were driven to Egelsthal, into an impassible valley. The lads and maidens looked sadly at each other; if one spake of the approaching enemy, every boy



seized the handle of his knife, which showed itself from his breeches pocket.

But the Jews suffered most. If one takes from the peasant even all else, yet can he not carry away his land and plow: but the Jews had all their property in movable merchandize, in money and wares; they trembled therefore doubly and trebly. The Jewish church-warden, a judicious and active man, resorted to a cunning subterfuge. He placed a great cask filled with red wine, well spiritualized with brandy, before his house; set upon a table well filled flasks; in order therewith to regale the unbidden guests. The trick succeeded, because the French without that had hastened to come again.

The day of the search through the village came and went better than people had ever hoped. The people of the village came in crowds to see the procession. First came the cavalry, followed by a powerful train of infantry.

Hansyorg had, with his companions, Viteli and Haver, gone to the brick-layer's hut: he would be there at all events, in order that nothing might befall Kate. He went with his comrades into the garden, before the house, and leaned against the fence: while he smoked comfortably his pipe. Kate looked out the window and said: "If thou wilt not smoke, Hansyorg, thou, with thy comrades, mayst come in here."

"We are very well here," answered Hansyorg, quickly puffing one after the other, three whiffs, and grasping his pipe more firmly. Now came the cavalry, who rode along so disorderly that they seemed scarcely to belong together. Each seemed concerned only for himself, and yet one could see that they kept well together. Some impertinently laughing and winking kissed their hands to Kate, who stood at the window; at which Hansyorg quickly clenched his side-knife. Kate shut the window, and only looked stealthily out from behind the panes.

After the infantry, came the forage wagons and the wagons containing the wounded. That was a pitiful sight. One of the wounded ones stretched out his hand, upon which were only three fingers; which pierced Hansyorg to the quick; it seemed exactly as if he, himself, lay there. The wounded man had only a cloth wound about his head, and he seemed almost frozen. Hansyorg sprang quickly over the fence, took the fur cap from his own head and set it upon that of the poor man, to whom he gave also his leather purse, containing money.

The wounded man made signs indicating that he would gladly smoke: he looked up anxiously and entreatingly, and pointed to the pipe, but Hansyorg shook his head. Kate brought out food and clothes, and laid them in the wagon by his side. The sick soldiers looked cheerfully up at the fresh young maiden; some made to her military salutations, while they jabbered and winked among themselves. Nobody thought whether these were friends or enemies: they were unfortunate, needy men, and each one must help them.

A great body of cavalry closed the procession. Kate stood again at the window. Hansyorg, with his companions, were again at their post, when Viteli said: "look, there come the marauders."

Two ragged fellows in half uniform, without saddles and stirrups, galloped up; halting a short distance before they reached Hansyorg, and one speaking to the other, the latter they heard laugh. They then rode slowly along, and the one nearest the fence, shouting aloud, pulled the pipe from Hansyorg's mouth, and then galloped quickly away. He stuck the still lighted pipe in his mouth, and smoked briskly, as if in defiance.

Hansyorg held his mouth; it seemed to him as if all the teeth were knocked out of his jaw-bone. Kate laughed aloud with all her might, and cried out: "So now, bring thy pipe!"

"Yes, I will bring it," said Hansyorg, as he snapped off a stick between his teeth in his anger. "Come Viteli, Haver, we must take out our horses and ride after, and if we fall for it, I will not leave my pipe to the rascals."

Both comrades went immediately and brought the horses from the stalls, but Kate came running after and called to Hansyorg from the path. He went back unwillingly, for he was angry that she had laughed at him; but she seized his hand convulsively and said: "In God's name, let the pipe go. I will do any thing to please you, only obey me this once: wilt thou destroy thyself for such a useless thing? I pray thee, remain here."

"I must not. I am satisfied: if one shoots a ball through my head, what shall I care? Thou wilt only jeer."

"No, no," cried she, and threw her arms about his neck. "I can not let thee go, thou must remain here."

A thrill of delight ran through his whole frame, but he inquired boldly: "Wilt thou then be my wife?"

"Yes, yes, I will indeed!"

Blissfully they stood clasped in each other's arms. Then Hansyorg said: "In my whole life-time will I never take a pipe in my mouth. See, I swear by the holy cross——"

"No, swear not; thee must be able to perform, that is much better. But is it not true, that thou wilt now remain here? Let the pipe go to the French and the——"

Meanwhile came the comrades upon their horses, armed with pitchforks, and cried out: "Valient Hansyorg, come!"

"I go not with you," replied Hansyorg, holding Kate by the arm.

"What shall we get, then, if we bring back the pipe?" asked Viteli. "It is yours."

"They both rode off, as if in a storm, towards Empingen, Hansyorg and Kate looking after them. At some distance on, upon a slightly rising ground, where the clay-pit belonging to the brick-maker was, they almost came up with the marauders. But when the latter saw themselves pursued they turned boldly round, brandished their sabres, and one aimed a pistol at the pursuers, who no sooner saw this than they turned as quickly round, and were back as quick as they had gone out.

From this day Hansyorg took never another whiff from his pipe. Four weeks afterwards he, with Kate, was published from the pulpit.

One day as Hansyorg went to the brick-layer's hut, he came up behind the house: no one saw him. Then he distinctly heard Kate speaking with some one: "So thou knowest them quite well?" inquired she.

"Why should I not know them?" replied the unknown, in whose voice Hansyorg recognized the red Maierle, a Jew trader. I have seen him often enough with her. He would have her as quick as he would you, and if you were gone I believe he would marry her."

"Knowest thou," said Kate, "I will only see how he will stare his eyes open when he sees her again at his wedding. I can quite certainly rely upon that?"

"So certainly as I am worth a hundred thousand gold pieces must she be there."

"But Hansyorg must hear nothing from you."

"I am dumb as a fish!" answered the red Maierle, as he left the house.

Hansyorg entered timidly, he was ashamed to confess that he had listened; but as they conversed familiarly together, he said: "I wish only to say to thee, let nothing persuade thee, it is not true, what they once said of me, that I had acquaintance with the chambermaid at the Eagle, who now serves in Rottwell. Believe me, it is not true. yes, as I am a christian, it was only childishness."

Kate pretended that she placed great weight on the circumstance, and Hansyorg had much to do in his own vindication. In the evening he gave himself much trouble to inquire slyly of the red Maierle, but he was "dumb as a fish."

Hansyorg had yet much censure to endure, and had in a certain manner to run the gauntlet through the whole village. It was in this way. On the Sunday before the wedding, he went

according to old custom, accompanied by his comrade, Vitelli, each with a red band around the arm and a red knot on the three-cornered hat, from house to house through the whole village; the bridegroom repeating the following sentence: "You are cordially invited to be at the wedding on next Tuesday, at the Eagle. Can we repay you, we certainly will. Be sure to come. Do not forget it. Be sure to come."

Thereupon the mistress in each house opened the drawer of the table, took out bread and a knife and handed to him, with these words: "Cut a slice." The bridegroom must then cut a thin slice and take with him. Hansyorg performed this bread-cutting somewhat awkwardly with only three fingers, and it gave him pain if in many houses they said good-naturedly: "Thou certainly must not get married, Hansyorg, if thou canst not cut bread well with thy stump finger?"

Hansyorg was highly rejoiced when the invitations were past.

With songs and rejoicings was the wedding celebrated, yet at the same time dared no one to shoot; for since the misfortune or the carelessness of Hansyorg it was strictly forbidden.

All went joyfully to the wedding dinner. From the table Kate went directly to the kitchen, having quietly taken with her the well-known pipe in her mouth—one could really not decide whether it was the old one or one exactly resembling it—from which she now took a whiff, with a very wry face, and then reached it to Hansyorg, with these words: "Thou hast been brave, that thou mayst truly say—and for all I care thou mayst now smoke; I have no objection."

Hansyorg blushed crimson, but he shook his head and said: "From what I once said no mouse shall bite a thread; In my whole life will I never smoke again." He rose and continued: "But is it not true, that I dare to kiss thee if thou hast smoked?"

Each happy one clasped the other blissfully in the arms. Then Hansyorg confessed that he had heard Kate speak with the red Mästerle of himself, and as he supposed, of the chambermaid of the Eagle.

They laughed heartily over the joke.

The pipe was hung over the bridal bed of the young married pair, as a lasting token, and Hansyorg often pointed to it when he wished to prove that one could leave off all bad habits, through love and firm resolution.

Two words will instantly remove us a long way forward, till Hansyorg and Kate are become aged grand-parents, fresh and cheerful in their happy sphere. The pipe is valued as a venerable heir-loom by their five sons. Not one of them of their children has ever smoked.

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